The dinner was almost over and Mrs. Thorne heaved a sigh of satisfaction as she looked around at her guests with delighted eyes. They had undoubtedly enjoyed every phase of the menu, and each had contributed largely to the brilliancy of the conversation; not a stupid subject had been broached. If that "prince of diners-out," Sydney Smith, could have been present in the richly appointed dining-room that January evening he would have found himself in a congenial atmosphere. Even to the critical hostess there was no flaw apparent in her surroundings. In making her little dinner she had borne in mind some one's wise counsel that there should never be less than three and never more than eight guests for a perfect success, and, as a result, there were six bright faces, including her own, grouped about the table. The conversation was for the most part general, it is true, though it had lapsed at times into dues and tries, and an occasional "one-versation," to quote Dicky Doyle.

The servants broughtlin the coffee, and placed a dainty cup beside each guest, and then, after trimming the candles, withdrew noiselessly. This was the time of all others that most pleased Mrs. Geoffrey Thorne: the responsibility of the dinner was over, and the true enjoyment now began. It was like the peaceful afterglow of a gorgeons sunset, she told herself; there was something rest ful in the very atmosphere, as they lingered over their coffee and nuts, chatting in friendly fashion. The men might smoke if they chose, she was too clever to forbid them that pleasure, but if it be true that "he who smokes thinks like a philosopher, there was no logical reason to her mind why she and her women guests should withdraw at the approach of philosophy. "You may have your cigars, and we will stay and listen to your wisdom," she laugh-ingly declared to her husband. "We shall thus be saved that dreary waiting in the drawing-room, where we are generally

bored to death, though we are too polite to It was a custom of hers, therefore, when her guests were few, to remain at table while the men smoked and the women trifled with their coffee and their sweets. "I am so glad to see your beautiful spoons, Nell," Bessy Endicott exclaimed, as the door closed on the retreating butler. I think the sight of them is treat you can give one."

Mrs. Thorne laughed complacently. is only when I know that my guests will reciate them that I use them nowadays," she admitted, "There is no sense o displaying one's pearls to the vulgar herd.' "We must take it for granted then, that you consider us worthy," John Kenned said, picking up the little spoon that rested on his saucer, and turning it gravely about between his fingers. "This is very beautiful, I must own, but I know there is something back of its mere beauty, else it would not be held in such esteem. Won't you tell a poor fellow who has spent the last cen-tury away from civilization, what the

charm is, Mrs. Thorne?" "Why! Jack Kennedy!" Mrs. Thorne cried "Is it possible that you have never seen my spoons before? I thought you were here the Christmas Geoff gave them to me, let me see! it was four, no, five years ago."
"And I was in Arizona then. No! this is the first time I have seen them. Is yours

"Oh! no, there is quite a difference. See! There are six patterns in the dozen, so only too are alike. Bessie, you have the prettiest, let me show it to Mr. Kennedy, The girl gave her spoon to her hostess, "This is very lovely," Kennedy said, with hearty admiration. "Is it your favorite,

"Yes, indeed, and Nelly always spoils me to the extent of letting me use it when I am here, though in so doing she enconrages me to break the tenth commandment.' The spoon under discussion was of gold small and dainty in shape, with an odd shallow bowl. The handle was exquisitely enameled and chased, and at the top there

was a tiny winged figure with floating drapery. The back of the handle was less ornate, and bore, amidst a wreath of roses, John Kennedy looked over at the pretty girl in white inquiringly. "M. A." he said slowly, "Now what does

"Marie Antoinettel" Miss Endicott returned, with a drametic wave of her hand. "Ah! that accunts for much," he laughed: "even for the breaking of a certain commandment, though one would almost think that some less well-balanced mortals might be lead into breaking the eighth as well as the tenth. Are you sure the spoons are au-

"Positive, my dear boy," Geoffrey Thorne interposed. "I bought them at the celebrated 'M— sale in Paris, and ample proof was then given that they had once been in the possession of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen. I believe they were made for her. Quite a little history came with them, and I had the word of several noted experts, besides, that they are what they were represented to be. The workmanship is wonderful, as you see, and, aside from their historic interest, the spoons are extremely val-uable in themselves, though of course their value is enhanced by the fact that they at one time belonged to that especial line of royalty. Doesn't your coffee taste better, bliss Bessy, because you fancy Marie Antoinette often stirred hers with that little

'Indeed it does! She must have made a lovely picture at Trianon, say, sitting be-neath the trees with her coffee on a small table at her side.

John Kennedy thought that the fair queen could not have made as lovely a picture as this pretty girl, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, with the pink roses on her heart, but he wisely kept that reflection to himself and she chatted 'I suppose she drank coffee. History

doesn't say, that is, that I remember, but gen Annie used to take chocolate-seven and eight cups at a sitting. "Oh! you are thinking of Dr. Johnson and his tea." "No I am not. Queen Anne did take

chocolate, and that is why she grew so very "I thought her reign was in the days of teacup times,' and that she was devoted

"No. it was chocolate! Don't laugh, Mr. Dacre, I am really in earnest. She and her friend Sarah—the great Sarah, you know used to gossip over their chocolate cups. and I am very sure that Marie Antoinette was fond of coffee."

"I haven't a doubt of it. Miss Bessy. Thorne declared, "and that is why the spoons. I knew they would delight Nelly's heart, too. I was in Paris on business and Vaughau-you remember aughau, Jack-dragged me off to the sale. He was wild about it, and was especially taken with the spoons-fairly talked me into getting them-that is, at first. The bidding worked me up to a great state of excitement; the opposition made me determined to bring them home

to my little woman-and I did. He looked at the spoon he was balancing on his cup, with a merry swinkle in his eyes. He had no vulgar ostentation about his wealth, but the recollection of the exciting scene at the "M—" sale always filled him with a certain pride in his pos-

"I suppose you paid a fabulous sum?" "Hm! we won't talk of that." "I wish somebody could find out how

much he did pay," wailed Mrs. Thorne; "he nevel will tell me. Then I am sure he never will tell us. laughed Kennedy. "But are you not afraid to use such valuable things? They are so small they could easily be stolen, and it is a great temptation."

'We have never lost them." Mrs. Thorne said, pensively. "Hodges is very trustworthy and takes even more pride in the Marier Anternette' spoons than we do, but, to tell you the truth, we almost lost one

Why! Nelly, you never told me!" "No, dear, I have never spoken about it "But tell us now? Oh! do tell us? When

was it, and where, and how?" your head; why should you refuse to tell no the story? We will never breathe it.
Please be obliging, and begin."

Thorne looked at the eager, pretty face turned toward him, his own, which had into the midst of the little company. They

although I fancy your doll engrossed you "Oh! Mr. Thorne, that is too bad of you! was almost grown up then."

"Were you, really! At any rate, you were not 'grown up' enough to be here the night of the 31st of December, when we saw the old year out and the new year in, and it was then that what I was about to relate took place. There were, perhaps, twenty-five or thirty of us in the library, sitting or standing about, waiting for the midnight chimes, when it suddenly occurred to me to show my wonderful purchase to some friends who would appreciate it. I knew. I sent for the box, and, when it | I gave him the chance! was brought, passed it around from one group to the other. Every one said some pleasant word, which delighted Nellie and me heartily. After a little the box was put on a table and I thought no more of it. There was a great tumult without just then, the air was full of shrill whistles and clanging bells. The old year slipped away and the new one came in like a conqueror, with a noisy blare of trumpets. Good wishes were heard on every side. Old Judge Van Stinart came up to me and put his hand on my shoulder.

"A happy New Year, my boy,' he said gayly, and then in a lower tone, 'I want to speak a word to you, Geoff.' He looked so worried that I turned in real auxiety. "'What is it?' I asked.

"'Hush,' he replied, 'don't speak so loud, and don't look as if anything unusual had happened. I am sorry to tell you that one of your guests has taken a "Marie Antoin-"I uttered a quick exclamation.

"'Now, don't say impossible,' the old Judge went on, rather excitedly. 'I tell you I saw the fellow take it myself. Don't look now, but it is that nice-looking boy standing by the pretty girl in red in front of the mantel. What will you do, Geoff!"
"What can I do? I asked, hopelessly, and then we stood staring at each other in dismay. There really seemed nothing for me to do. I did not like to go to the fellow and ask him in so many words to return my property; it seemed almost as great an insult on my part to suspect him, as for him to steal it from me. I wheeled around then and looked at the thief who had come into my house in the guise of a guest, and I saw a handsome young fellow of five and twenty or thereabouts, with a certain reckless air about him. I knew him as an older man knows a younger one at the club when their tastes are utterly dissimilar. He had the reputation of being a trifle fast, but he was very entertaining; and was engaged to the girl in red—and as she was a great friend of ours, it was on her account that he had oeen sult her as to ask her for the spoon, and yet the longer I thought of it, and the greater the impossibility of regaining it seemed. the more fully determined I became not to

let it go out of the house. "Suddenly a thought occurred to me. went to the table where the spoons were; they were lying in a disorderly fashion in the case, and at first sight I thought the one night he came back. Dick was in my Judge had been mistaken, that he had been saw that there were only eleven where there should have been twelve spoons. One like yours, Miss Bessy, had been taken. I picked up the other carelessly and moved away, joining a small group standing in front of the mantel; the young fellow was amongst the number, and the Judge was

"'O, Morse,' I said, addressing a friend, do you remember the talk we had the other day about tricks, and that French fellow I mentioned? He certainly did some remarkably clever things! I was awfully interested in him, and went to his place a num-ber of times, and, what's more, I brought away a good many of his tricks. If I could find some cards I would show you one now. "I went back to the table, and rummaged about, ostensibly for the cards; there were none there, so I made a feint of picking up the spoon and returned to the group. "'I couldn't find the cards,' I said, 'but this will do as well, it is small and easily managed. It's a slight-of-hand trick, you

know,' I explained. 'Move back a little. please, and give me more room. Yes, that will do. You all see this spoon? "I twirled it around conspicuously, and made two or three passes, talking a lot of nonsence all the time, though I was grow-ing horribly excited, for if this little ruse failed, the possibilities it involved were too serious to bear much thinking on. I stole a glance at the handsome face opposite me, it wore a reckless expression, but its pallor was frightful. I could see that the fellow knew he was suspected. With a quick movement I slipped the spoon up my sleeve. I was rather skillful at those things then-and in this instance I fortunately escaped detection. The spoon had vanished. A little exclamation of surprise ran about the group. I took a step for-

ward. "'It is gone!' I said, with a shrug imitated from the Frenchman. 'Now, to bring it back again, Mr. \_\_\_\_,' and I mentioned the young fellow's name, 'my spoon is in your pocket. "A shout of merriment went up from the group, which was increased as the man

stepped forward and handed me my prop-You are very clever,' he said with a little laugh. His hand was like ice as it touched mine-it chilled me to the very bone. He gave me one look that was full of despair, and then rejoined his companion, and I-I wished heartily that I had never tried my miserable trick."

"Is that all?" Bessy Endicott demanded. little trick and called upon him for the and adapting every separate article of cos-"All—and not all," her host returned. spoon. He felt that every one must see tume to one idea, then we certainly have reason to hope that it is liked the girl who was engaged to this rascal, and did not know what to do. I did not like to tell her what he had done, but it was horrible to think of her marrying

"Better for her to know his thieving propensities now,' I argued, 'even if it is a blow to her, than to let her find out when it "I had half made up my mind to go to her the next morning, but she came here in-stead and asked to see me. I greeted her with a little well-acted show of its being an every-day occurrence, but she stopped me directly.

"'I think you know why I have come," she said sadly, 'though I hope I am mis-taken. Mr. Thorne, will you answer one question honestly? Didn't you put two spoons back in the box after you had shown us the trick last night?"

"She looked me straight in the eyes, and was forced to meet her gaze, though l would rather have faced a cannon's gaping mouth. She was as pale as death, and all her bright spirits seemed crushed within her, but though I knew I was adding to her burden I could only answer 'Yes.' "'I thought so,' she said simply, and then she went away.

"That is all! "But what became of her? what became "He disappeared entirely after a few days. He may be dead for aught I know, or he may be leading a life of dishonor. She-well! I suppose it's the way of womankind-she married not long after, and is

"Mr. Thorne, that isn't nice of you to say, 'the way of womankind;' it implies that you think we all forget easily! I suppose in her case it was right that she should marry, for she didn't love that poor fellow deeply. Oh! not very deeply, else she would have made more allowances for

Thorne, "my dear girl, you don't know what you are talking about." "I know you think so," the girl returned gravely, "but it seems to me that if she had loved him-really loved him, you knowshe would have been willing to make some allowances for him, for he might have been in debt and half beside himself, and don't you see, when she turned from him with scorn and reproaches, that she drove him

"Allowances! Bessy!" shricked Mrs.

away from her-down-down? "Oh! it is horrible to think what his life became, cast adrift in that way, reproached by one whom he loved! He had no place to go; he suspected every one. Just think how terrible it must be to feel that every body's hand is raised against you! If that woman had been patient with him, and had tried to show him how his wrong hurt her, not because it was discovered, but because it was a sin, she might have helped him, instead of which she drew herself away and proved to him that her love meant nothing -that her faith meant nothing! Mr. Thorne, you can hardly blame him for leading a life

"I can tell you," Jack Kennedy said simply. His words were like a shell cast into the midst of the little company. They

us in the autumn of the year which opened disastrously for him. His name was Dick. I remember he told me that for a next night with great glory, time he had been known as Dick the devil." He kept nothing back from me, but we only knew him as 'Dick.' There was something about him that interested me strongly in his favor; I think it was his frankness. He came asking for work, he told me that he had no references, that he was a city man, and had been very dissipated, that he had been dishonest, that he wanted a chance to begin over again. He felt that no one would trust him, and yet he asked me to help him to be a man. Well!

The gray eyes opposite flashed their approbation. Kennedy colored a little, but be went on steadily: "Dick never failed me! I think from the first I knew he wouldn't. He was very sad and reticent, but he speedily became a great favorite with all the men. There is not-much virtue among miners; they are a rough, hard lot, and yet they are very sensible of true worth, and ready to appreciate it when they see it. The men gamble, and get drunk and have their quarrels, but when a man leads a good, stainless life in their midst, without any show of being better than his mates, with no attempt at preaching save by his quiet every-day actions, and always has a kind word and is ready to help a comrade at any time, that man is respected and loved. That was the life Dick led out in Arizona. I didn't care what his past had been when I saw what his present was. I asked him no questions; he had started fair and clear, and I was willing to help him. I saw but little of him, however; he was only a common miner, wielding the pick, and I was part owner of the mine and 'gentleman overseer,' but he always had a respectful word for me when we met. I used to let him have my newspapers after I had finished with them, and when I found out the manner of man he was, I made him welcome to my library. He availed himself of my offer shyly at first, but after a time it was a common occurrence for him to drop in at night to change his book. Sometimes he would stay for a little chat, though oft-ener he would go away in silence. He had been with us almost a year when a fever broke out amongst the men. He did not take it himself, but he was unwearying in his attentions to those who were ill, tending them as gently as a woman, helping "But you said he was dead."

"Yes, I know. I am coming to that. He aped the fever, but the life he had been girl in red-and as she was a great friend of | ling to give for others he gave to save invited that evening. I could not so far in- | the men that spring. He was a lazy, inefficient wretch, almost constantly under the influence of liquor. I had tried to get along with him, but his example was so demoralizing to the others that I finally sent him off. He was very a dictive in his threats and curses, but I treated them lightly: they did not affect me in the least. He disappeared for about a week, and then room; he had come for a book, and as he led away by his fancy. But after a moment I | was in a brighter mood, he had stayed to talk. He was standing by the table facing the window toward which I had my back a warm night in May, and suddenly he darted forward between me and the window. There was the sound of the report of a pistol, a heavy thud-and Dick on the floor. I ran to his side, and some others, alarmed the report, hurried into the room. tween us we got him up on the sofa, and some one went for the doctor. He opened

his eyes and looked at me with a faint "'It was Wilkins,' he managed to say; 'don't let him escape!' then he went off into a dead faint. "When the doctor came, he pronounced

the wound fatal, but Dick did not die immediately. He lingered for two or three days, and I was with him constantly. During part of the time he was rational and told me his story. It was not an unusual one; that, perhaps, is the pity of it. It is sad to think that such things are happening daily about us. He had been going with rather a wild set of fellows, and had been led into temptation; he had lost much money at cards, and he did have the courage to stop playing. That New Year's eve when he was here things were at a very low ebb with him; he had lost every cent he had and had pawned most of his belongings. He told me that when he saw those spoons passed around for inspection, some fiend whispered to him to take one. He knew at a glance that its value was great, and though he could not expect to realize a very large sum on it, he hoped to get enough to tide him over for a few days, when he knew his luck would turn. He had the regular gambler's fever upon him.

"He did not mention your name, Geoff, but he said that it was almost intolerable to him to look around at the evidences of luxury and wealth displayed in your room and to see the careless way in which you passed your wife's gift about. He tried to overcome the temptation, but he was not strong enough. The spoon will not be missed for a while,' himself, 'and no one will suspect me.' He knew an old Jew who would advance some money on it, and after his good luck came, he would redeem it and send it back. He listened to the voice of the tempter, and you all know what bustle. Where a fashion takes such hold ensued. He told me he never suffered so of its followers that it descends to the most

thousand furies seemed to be beating

and buffeting him about. "That night he went home ready to commit suicide, but something kept him from it—his love for the girl who had promised to be his wife. He determined to go to her and tell his story, but at noon that day— the first of the New Year!—she sent a little note and his ring. She did not wish to see him again! She would try to forget that she had ever known him! Perhaps it is a hazardous thing for a woman to sacrifice her life to reform a man, to try to reclaim him from evil. Nine times out of ten she fails, but a good woman is a great power, greater than she can know, and the force of her lovely example has saved many a man. I think if Dick's Nina had been faithful to him he would have been a respected man in New Yerk to-day. But she let him go! Then followed months of despair and degradation; he was tempted many times to take his life, but something kept him backwhat it was he never knew. He drifted away from New York to Chicago, and led a wild life there, but it had lost its charm for him; it was only the excitement that kept him going.

"One night, or rather early morning, as he was returning the miserable place he called his home with his pockets full of his winnings, the white face of his opponent at cards haunted him persistently. He stopped in his walk and looked about him; the sleeping city was wrapped in darkness, but away oft in the east there was a faint light where the dawn was struggling up. On a sudden, some remembrance of his mother, who had died long before, touched and thrilled him. Her sweet face rose in his memory, she had been a good, noble woman and he had profited so little by her teaching! As he stood gazing at the sky, a shaft of light broke through the gray in the east and lay like a path along which the sun was soon to pass. He drew a deep breath and went back the way he had come, back into that gambling hell and up to the table where he had sat a short time before. A man with a white, belpless face was sitting there; he did not look up as Dick came and stood beside him. Dick put something down on the table-it was the money he

had won. "That is yours!" he said quietly. Then he turned and went out again into the street. The day had broken and all about there were signs and sounds of awakening life. Dick said it seemed almost as if he had been born again. Shortly after that he came to us, and you know the rest of his story. He died very peacefully, with Nina's name upon his lips. He loved her to the last! He had no word of blame for her, however, because she had failed him; he was very self-depreciative and humble, but I think that whatever wrong he committed was amply atoned for by his life and death

in Arizona." There was a short pause after Kennedy finished speaking. The faces all around him wore grave expressions; a little cloud "Ask Goeffrey."

of dishenor after that, can you! What did had settled down on the table where the "Mr. Thorne! Now please don't shake he have to struggle for! What did he care roses were dying. Then the girl opposite leaned forward. and the light shone full upon her fair,

sweet face. "Do you remember that poem of Leigh Hunt's?" she asked, looking at Kennedy with eyes that were full of tears. "I into the midst of the little company. They all gazed at him in astonishment.

"Where is the man who could refuse you anything, Miss Bessy!" he asked. "I certainly am not he, and you are quite welcome to the story, though I have never told it before. I brought the apoons back from Paris with me for Nellie's Christmas, as you already know. She was delighted with them, as were countless of her feminine there for some years, and this man came to the new or the love the lov

angel wrote that he vanished. Oh, you know the rest-how he came again the "And showed the names whom love of God had

And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest." Mrs. Thorne pushed her chair back and gave the signal to rise. "Let's have some music," she said, half To her mind the success of her dinner was doubtful.

-Gertrude Clarke, in the Home-Maker.

## SUMMER STYLES.

High bodices fastened behind and long eg-o'-mutton sleeves, with elegant lace frills at the wrists, are a feature of some of the new summer reception-gowns. So great is the craze for roses that all col-

ors are employed in their manufacture, and a new and stylish bonnet recently displayed was decorated with heliotrope rosebuds. There is again a rage for trimming laces of every tint, width and device, and very beautiful dress-nets can be purchased to match nearly every pattern of edging or flouncing lace.

To relieve the monotony of dark costumes, Parisian ladies are wearing scarlet and marigold-yellow blouse vests beneath their jackets, with open fronts. The vests have high collars, like a gentleman's stock, or are worn with a cravat of the same silk, tied in a huge bow.

This year, while all the essential parts of a costume are supposed to harmonize, it is not at all necessary that they should match. Hats and bonnets are no longer considered in good taste made of a piece of the dress, and one bonnet in neutral tints is made to do duty by the economical with half a dozen gowns.

Variety of form is less noticeable in London in skirts than in bodices, but they are not the less difficult to arrange. Simplicity is always deceptive and artistic. It is the hang of the skirt that demands the artist's touch, and if it is wrong, no saving grace of picturesque bodice or wonderful sleeve can make the dress anything but

The latest device of fashion is that ladies shall discard pins and brooches of all kinds, to wear instead at the throat a soft rosette of bright silk. These rosettes are seen in all shades in the London shops, not only for the purpose just mentioned, but ladies with deft fingers transform a last they were telling a pleasant story or asking year's bonnet with two or three of these crowded close together; sailor hats are smartened with these, and country shade hats have a row of them like full-blown roses all about the crown.

A large portion of the new summer mantles are taking the form of wide capes set on very full around a yoke or very deep point. This allows for the prodigious height and volume of the fashionable sleeve. A second much narrower flounce The accordeon-pleated cape is a neater and more becoming style to those whose shoulders are at all broad. This cape gives a trimmer appearance, while the power of expansion is quite as great as that of the more flaring, wingy model

The marked revival of the leg-o'-mutton sleeve is apparent on all gowns, even of tailor-cut, but although it continually grows larger and higher, it has not yet approached anything like the original grandmother sleeve. On one point they are similar—they are both cut on the same cross, and have only one seam, and, indeed, dressmakers are beginning to pad them slightly in the old way, and to cut them long and gather them horizontally, or use a band of extra material across the top, gathered in the center to imitate the ancient treat-

"Lulu" says in New York Truth: "Some of the new evening waists are particularly dainty and fresh looking. One in stripes of cream lace alternating, with others in seagreen silk ribbon, was a dear little waist. The green ribbon finished in loops round the neck, which was just open enough to show the throat, and the basque terminated in the same way, the loops in this case falling over a pleating of luce. It had a half-belt of three rows of ribbon, coming to a point and finishing with a large rosette bow of the green silk. The pretty elbow sleeves were alternate lines of green ribbon and cream lace, high and wide on the upper arm and bordered with three bands of the ribbon, with a bow of the same loops. It would look equally well in pale lilac, pink, or blue ribbon, and I saw one for half-mourning in siver-gray ribbon and black lace that was very elegant. Two or three of these waists are always useful, don't you think sof They are just the thing for an informal dinner or a theater when one does not want to go very dressed.

## The Tendency of Fashion.

New York Evening Post. The present tendency of fashion towards naturalness in form and design may be accepted, at least for the present, as strong and absolute, nor does it seem likely, with the taste for "art" and the general knowledge which the masses are gaining of correctness in style and outline, that the wheel of time will ever, in its ceaseless revolutions, bring back the immense expansion of hoops or the frightful deformity of the of its followers that it descends to the most much in his life as when you showed that | minute details, revolutionizing underwear destined to a more or less continued existence. For then the great business and mercantile interests become involved in its permanent acceptance, machinery employed in supplying great demands is modified in accordance with the new regulations, and such ponderous bodies can only be moved at certain intervals. The entire catalogue of women's garments has gradually undergone this transformation. A few years ago yards and yards of muslin or linen were gathered, and tucked, and gauged into clumsy articles of underwear which effectually destroyed all natural grace and outline. Now there is little superfluous material to be found among even the plainest and simplest of ordinary garments. They encase the form very snugly, hampering no limbs, and yet they have almost a tailor fit. This change did not take place in an instant or a month. It took many seasons to accomplish it, and it is years since the first attempt was made to bring about this result. When a tide in fashion, as well as in other affairs, sets strongly in one direction, it is useless to attempt to turn it. It must reach its flood. Fashions may, therefere, be considered pretty well settled for a year to come. Changes will be developed in style, and much variety in the detail of design, adapted to diversified wants and purposes, but the smooth outline, with the fulness massed low at the back, will form

the basis of them all, and all must be subject to such limitations as these conditions impose. The styles at present are most of them admirable. The only fear just at present is that the strong natural feelings against demi-trains on the promenade are to be overruled, and that clean and costly fabrics are once more to be trailed in the dust.

## The Musical Sense.

Dr. Oilver Wendell Holmes, in Atlantic Monthly. "I have had glimpses," the Professor said. of the conditions into which music is capable of bringing a sensitive nature. Glimpses, I say, because I cannot pretend that I am capable of sounding all the depths or reaching all the heights to which music may transport our moral conscious-ness. Let me remind you of a curious fact with reference to the seat of the mu-sical sense. Far down below the great masses of thinking marrow and its secendary agents, just as the brain is about to merge in the spinal cord, the roots of the nerve of hearing spread their white filaments out into the sentient matter, where they report what the external organs of hearing tell them. This sentient matter is in remote connection only with the mental organs, far more remote than the centers of the sense of vision and that of smell. In a word, the musical faculty might be said to have a little brain of its own. It has a special world and a private language all to itself. How can one explain its significance to those whose musical faculties are in a rudimentary state of development, or who have never had them trained? Can you describe in intelligible language the smell of a rose as compared with that of a violeti No-music can be translated only by music. Just so far as it suggests worded thought, it falls short of its highest office. Pure emotional movements of the spiritual nature—that is what I ask of music, Music will be the universal lan-

READING FOR SUNDAY. minds, says: "The same sun that hardens the clay softens the wax." The truth itself is always the same; yet while one mind is softened and benefited by it, another is hardened and made still more How do the rivulets find their way? How do the flowers know the day, And open their cups to catch the ray!

obdurate and persistent in the way of evil. I see the germ to the sunlight reach, And the nestlings know the old bird's speech; I do not see who is there to teach. Out of the heart of common things Such gladness springs! Wonder and mystery, Meanings for you and me. I see the hare from the danger hide.
And the stars through the pathless spaces ride;
I do not see that they have a guide. -Agnes Gerard.

How soon comes death?

He is eyes for all who is eyes for the mole;

International Sunday - School Lesson for

May 18, 1890.

THE TRANSFIGURATION-(Luke, ix, 28-36.)

Golden Text-And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son; hear Him. (Luke, ix, 35.)

HOME READINGS.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

a favor of an expressman. Now prayer to

God should be different. The difference

kept specially for the purpose of prayer and for no other, although it is right that rever-

ence should be expressed partly in the voice, too. But the radiance that bathed and changed the countenance of Christ is the same radiance that should bathe and

change the heart of each supplicant. It is not real prayer unless one's feelings, char-acter, one's whole nature becomes sublim-

ated to the whiteness of purity through contact with the divine essence. You can't

pray as you bellow to your servant. Many

erroneously consider that prayer. After a

moment of true communion it is an impossibility to descend to the falsities,

flippancies or vulgarities of daily life. Ex-

istence has become too precious in the lift-ing of the veil for that. The test of real

prayer is the manner of life one lives after the petition has been recorded on high.

The impulsive temperament has its uses in the Christian life. Peter is a good type

of such a man. He was always ready to do

something for Christ, no matter how ab-

surd it was. It is much better to yield to

lost. It doesn't hurt a Christian to be

laughed at because he is active in his own

you are ardent and impulsive in expres-

Out of the cloud is heard the voice. Out

of sorrow comes the faith. Out of weak-

ness there is born strength. Sickness is a

garden prolific of high character. There is no ill that Christianity does not bless.

Even death has been conquered by it, and

prophets were past and away. Both be-

came, at that supreme moment, worthy of study and of veneration, but not of imita-tion. Christ absorbed ancient Judaism as

the ocean does the river; but he also puri-

fied it, renewed what was worthy of life,

and gave a new reason, a final reason, for

Of General Interest.

new church grows slowly, it is said.

The subscription list for Dr. Talmage's

The General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church will meet in Buffalo,

English Good Templars designate June

as a day of prayer for the suppression of

The tenth national temperance conven-

tion will be called to meet some time in

1891, exact time and place not yet desig-

Florence has been selected for the next

of a man who intended to bequeath it to

the union, but died before he had made a

The Chicago Theological Seminary (Congregational) has just graduated a class of forty-four students. Of the ten orations

delivered at the commencement exercises

one was in Danish, one in Swedish, and one

A meeting of members of the United and

Reformed Presbyterian churches was held

recently in Pittsburg, at which a commit-

tee was appointed to urge the union of these two branches before the higher courts

Archdeacon Farrar's movement for the establishment of brotherhoods whose mem-

bers shall bind themselves by dispensable

vows to celibacy, poverty and obedience, has passed the lower house of convocation

A number of the bishops of the Church of

England have declared, it is stated, that

they do not believe in the inherent impor-

tality of the soul. They do not believe that it is clearly taught by the Scriptures,

and look upon it as a philosophical theory.

The bishops of the Scottish Episcopal

Church have summoned a General Synod of that body to meet on the 3d of next month for the revision of the Code of Canons. The

General Synod will be asked to make pro-

vision for a regular meeting of the General

It is stated that, between the years 1866

and 1880, the Italian government suppressed

4.244 religious houses, 2,179 religious cor-

porations, 46,237 secular elergy foundations

and 50,973 other foundations, and that the

income of real and movable property seized by the government is about \$10,000,000.

The Rev. J. S. Stone, who has been a mis-

sionary in India and is now a missionary

in New York city, says that he has been in the black holes of sin in Calcutta and Bom-

bay, where the depravity of the Orient shows its darkest side; but he never saw degradation more hopeless, nor barbarians

more unromantic than in the city of New

At an after-meeting following one of his

religious services in Newark, N. J., the Rev.

B. Fay Mills asked all those present who had been converted before the age of twenty

to arise. They were 250 in number. Then all those converted before the age of thirty

arose, to the number of 108; then those be-

tween thirty and forty, to the number of

fifty-six; between forty and fifty, to the number of nineteen, and between fifty and

Thoughts for the Day.

but is the treasure of all men.-Emerson.

Truth is the property of no individual.

None but a fool would measure his satis-

Loyalty to Christ means carrying forward

It is good to see what our neighbors are doing. To live in seclusion with one's own

thoughts is apt to give one very false

notions as to the possibilities of the present time in the matter of conversion either to

superstition or anti-superstition .- George

in our century the work He began in His; not only worshiping him on our knees, but working with Him on our feet.—Parkhurst.

faction by what the world thinks of it.

sixty only one.

-Goldsmith.

life.—Phillips Brooks.

sion. Peter is a good model.

human existence.

the liquor traffic.

April, 1891.

in German.

of both churches.

of the Church of England.

Synod every five years.

does not consist in a cantish tone of voice

Mon.-The transfiguration Luke, ix, 28-36.

Tu.-A voice from heaven Mark, i, 6-11.

Wed .- The Father's testi-

New York Independent

-Charles G. Ames.

All motion goes to the rightful goal; Oh, God! I can trust for the human soul.

A shower of petals and a gust of wind.

Fall of white flakes, and a dim night that grows, A dawn to break the east-Lo! he is here. -Martha Young.

He gives best gifts who, giving nought Of worldly store, Gives me his friendship, love and trust--Laurs Harvey, in Chambers' Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. A Desirable Exchange. Ab, would that, as we sail the air. One of the other worlds might bear In our direction That we might offer to its folks

chance to swap their ancient jokes For our collection. Brilliant Technique.

Christ went up into the mountain, not to play a dramatic part before his disciples, Kirby Stone-Your type-writer seems to but to pray. It was while he prayed that work very rapidly. Willson Deeds-Well, rather! She was his transfiguration came as a result and as an answer to ecstatic communion. Every one of Liszt's favorite pupils.

one knows that a high state of feeling or At a New Jersey Summer Resort, experience gives its peculiar expression to Mrs. Tangle-What is that large thing the countenance. Spiritual devotion and floating in the water there, Henry! Is it a adoration illuminates a face as a torch poor drowned dog! Mr. Tangle—No, my dear. I think its a lights a corridon When the soul and the prayer correspond, the radiance of the

heart often bursts through the material body and envelops it with a glory prophetic of a heavenly state. Such experiences can come to the devotee, but not unless his purpose be bathed in sincerity and his life be focused upon the self-denying mission of illuminating the life of Christ to the The Bundness of Love. Ted-I made Dolly tell me the things she loved me for. Ned-Well! Ted-I didn't really possess a single one

A Bust Would Require More. Smith & Gray's Monthly. The Majah-What is your bust measure-

ment, Colonel The Colonel I can take four or five glasses, sah, without the slightest incon-Not Like Santa Claus,

Bobby-Don't be scared yet, Johnnie. Perhaps your father didn't mean it when he said he would lick you.

Little Johnnie-Yes, he did. It wasn't as if he had promised to bring me home a new whistle. High Artists, Harper's Weekly. Old Lady—Is there anything you can do round the house, if I give you a good meal? Tramp—Yes, marm; I kin make yer hair

curl wid a lecture on Wagner, an' me fren' here kin give practical illustrations on der piannyforty, ef you've got one. A Fellow Feeling. Bad Man From Bitter Creek (who has held up the stage)—And who are you, old

the tendency to do rather than repress it for fear the action may prove ridiculous. The impulsive act of kindness is never tate dealer. Bad Man-Why, is that so, pardner. Then put back your money. I never rob men in the same line of business as myself. peculiar way. So don't let any one sneer you out of the service of Christ because Marching Over the Keys.

His Victim-I'm a Minneapolis real-es-

Tangle-Maria, you're making a terrible noise on that piano. What is it you are Mrs. Tangle-Why, it's the "March of the Old Brigade. Tangle-March, is it? I thought it sounded like somebody walking on the piano. Jesus was found alone. The law and the

The Socialist at Home. Noted Socialist-Vy you nod haf supper ready ven you know I go oud to lecture tonighd on "All Broberties Mus' Be Heid in Faithful Wife-Mein tear, I could not haf supper widout wood, an' leetle Shonny he

refuse to get wood.

Noted Socialist—He do? You tell dot lazy
boy sef he nod work, he nod eat. Imitating His Superiors.

Little Gamin Flaunterag-Say, granny, how much is dem apples?

Dear Old Apple-Woman-Oh, go 'way wid yez; sure it's not a penny yez have at Little Gamin Flaunterag-Well, haven't got der right ter go out shoppin', all der

Another Kind of Tramp. Smith & Gray's Monthly. Jack Dolliver-Had a splendid time, Uncle Bill. Took a tramp, a hundred miles through the White mountains.

session of the international conference of the Evangelical Alliance, which meets in Uncle Bill—Did. eh? And enjoyed it, eh?
Jack Dolliver—I should say so!
Uncle Bill—That's strange! T' other day Philadelphia has the largest number of Sunday-school attendants of any city in I took a tramp 'bout twenty feet, to the front gate, and he turned on me and pretty near ruined the flower-bed with my frame. the United States, 195,802. New York ranks next, with 187,000; Brooklyn next, with 107,-

The American Baptist Missionary Union A Philosopher Sized Up. recently received \$5,000 from the relatives

> "What are you pondering about, Charlie?" "Oh, old Prosser has been holding forth to me on the Superstitions of the Dark 'Indeed; did you notice that his boots were muddy?

> "That came from walking in the gutter this morning to avoid going under a lad-

TRICKS OF THE "PRESERVE" TRADE. Ingredients That Enter Into the Composition of "Pure Fruit" Jams and Jellies.

Two large open country hay wagons, piled high with yellow field pumpkins, were backed up to the carriage entrance of a large canning and preserving factory. The pumpkin is neither a fruit nor a berry. and when two of the workmen began to unload the wagons and pile the yellow vegetables up inside, the curiosity of the Inquirer was aroused. After the wagons were unloaded, one of the workmen was questioned as to the use to which the pump kins would be put. He shook his head suspiciously at first, but the tender of a couple of cigars unloosed his tongue. "If it were not for the pumpkin and the tomato," said he, "there'd be precious little

preserved fruit and berries on sale in this country, for the supply of the genuine articles is not only too limited, but the original cost is too great to make it profitable to the preserver. Canned goods are all right-can't deceive anybody with them. for they are put up whole and are the only things about this business that are not deceiving. These pumpkins that we just unloaded will be worked up as the basis of a dozen different kinds of preserve, peaches, pears, plums, cherries. apples and all the other fruits, except the pineapple, which we cannot counterfeit. The 'butters,' apple, peach and pear, are made in the same way. Pumpkin enters argely into the composition of all the ellies. Where it is necessary to imitate berries that have a great many seeds in them, such as the blackberry and raspberry, we put in tomatoes."

"I should think your goods would al have the same color and flavor." "By using extracts and harmless coloring matter we get them up in exact imitation of the goods made from the genuine articles. I've been in the business several years, and if you'd set down before me a dish of country apple butter and a dish of the kind we make, the only way that I could tell the difference would be that ours would taste better.'

"Then you think the adulterated superior to the genuine?" 'Sure: and if you don't believe me try both. You can't exactly call it adulteration, for nobody was ever poisoned by eating pumpkins, and the doctors say that to-Only he who puts on the garment of matoes are very healthful."

The Lexington Lynching. Atlanta Constitution.

The reports from Columbia in regard to the lynching of the negro prisoner at Lexington leave a very bad taste in the mouth.

The violence of the mob, according to all accounts, had not even the justification that is generally put forward as the excuse of such manifestations. Where mob violence follows on the heels of such a crime as the Lexington negro was charged with Adam Clark, in alluding to the different which is always too firmsy to hide the enoreffects of Christian truth on different | mity of the crime of murder.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Three years ago David Roys bought a section of land near Salt Lake City for \$64,000. Last week he refused an offer of \$148,000

The town of Roswell, Lincoln county, New Mexico, is 216 miles from any railroad. No other place in the United States can say as much.

apan has celebrated its 255th anniver-y of the coronation of the first Emperor be country, an affair which makes our de 250th anniversaries seem insignificant.

A recent lawsuit in Dahlonega, Ga., originating about a hen and chickens, compelled the defendant's husdand to sell the only cow he possessed in order to get his wife out of it. Sparrow heads are legal-tender among

Michigan youngsters, in lots of ten. It takes one lot to buy a fish-pole, and two will purchase a base-ball, when they have been cashed in at the recorder's office. The shifting sands threaten to bury Grand Haven, Mich., making a sort of modern Pompeii of it. The City Council is planting 2,000 trees on the hills, hoping in this way to keep them stationary.

An Opelousas, La., gander has learned to turn the faucet of a cistern with his bill, and when the water begins to flow he sets down under the stream, flaps his wings, takes a bath and has a good time generally. A cow fight at Ree Heights, Dak., resulted in one of the animals having her neck broken, and the owner of the dead cow has brought suit against the owner of the victor for damages on the ground that the victorious animal was the aggressor.

A new industry has sprung up in Kansas -that of collecting old tinware, which is used at the Argentine smelter for fluxing purposes. An industrious man can gather up a ton of it in a day, which brings \$2.75 delivered at the railroad. In each ton of camphor wood brought to this country from Japan there is 25 per cent.

of camphor and 75 per cent. of waste, More-over, one-half of the camphor evaporates during the sea voyage, leaving 1212 per cent. of the drug after reduction. Murder seems to be the least perilous of all the felonious pastimes known to this country. Out of 14,779 murderers who took

human life in the six years from 1884 to 1889, only 558 paid the penalty of their crimes by yielding their own lives to the The brakes of a Richmond electric car

week, and the car, coming to a curve, left the track, and, plunging across the other track, ran into a bar-room. Five ladies were in the car, but none were seriously in-A queer white and red robin astonishes

the fishermen of Quonochontang, R. I. It has built its nest in a shaggy reach of pature, near the thundering ocean breakers. The bird's body is of a snowy white, even to the tip of its tail, except its breast, which is of a rosy red.

Lake Chelan, Wash., never freezes, although in latitude 48° north. The reason given is that it is so deep, and the warm water always rises from the bottom to supplant the cold, which goes down to warm itself. The Indians fish in the lake at all seasons and use salmon eggs for bait. Dr. Dixon, professor of hygiene at the University of Pennsylvania, has been mak-

ing some experiments with air and dust ob

tained in street cars. He has found in them the germs of many diseases, contagious and otherwise. Better ventilation and more effective cleansing are sorely needed. A lady in Americus is using a lamp chimney that she has had and used daily for the past eight years, and she expects to use it for many years yet. She says that she boiled it in salt and water when it was bought, in 1882, and no matter how large a

flame runs through it, it won't break. A man named Fields, who had just died near Danville, Ky., never, it is said, though sixty-seven years old, slept a single night out of the house in which he was born, and never ate but one meal away from home. He was outside of his native county but twice, and then only for an hour each time Seven of the supposed-to-be sharpest and wisest lawyers in the country have made wills, passed away, and the said wills have been broken all to flinders by heirs and other lawyers. An ignorant Missouri farmer wrote his will in four lines on a slate, and it stood three lawsuits and ten law-

A genuine Roman pig of lead has recently een discovered at South Cave, in East Yorkshire. The pig weighs nearly 140 pounds, and it was found about two miles north of the Humber, close to where the great ferry (Transitus Maximus) of the Roman road called Erminie street crossed from Lincolnshire to Yorkshire.

George W. Keller, of Page county, Virginia, thirteen years ago plunged into the sea at Atlautic City after dancing himself into a perspiration. He was seized with ossifying rheumatism, and has lain ever since in bed, drawn out of shape. Until 1887 he suffered torturing pains continually, and since then half his body has apparently turned to stone.

Nine prominent citizens of Grant county, Kansas, including three county officials, have been arrested for defrauding the county by presenting the same wolf-scalps several times and securing the bounty thereon. Over \$16,000 has been paid in bounties since the first of January, and it thought that most of it has been fraude lently disbursed.

Benedict & Lockwood, of New Canaan, Conn., have just made a pair of shoes for a Charlotte (N. C.) man. They are the biggest ones ever made. The size is No. 32. Each shoe is twenty inches long and eight nches wide. The man who is to wear them is a clergyman, six feet ten inches tall, and weighs 410 pounds, and the county in which he dwells is a roomy one.

One of the most interesting military sights in Europe is afforded by the spectacle of dogs at drill in France. They are under the command of a sub-lieutenant and are surrounded by an admiring group of vagrant curs, who do not enjoy the distinction of being enrolled under the French flag. The dogs are trained to act as sconts. messengers and sentinels. The Chinamen of Astoria, Ore., are amus-

ing themselves with a huge top made out of an empty twenty-five-pound white-lead keg. A square opening is cut in the side, and it takes three men to spin it, one to hold the top and two to pull the string with a stick, which sets it in motion. While spinning it sounds like the whistle of a steamer, and can be heard three blocks away. Artificial coffee is manufactured on an

extensive scale in Germany. It is made from linseed-meal, roasted to a dark color and mixed with some glutinous substance before being passed through machines, which turn out the compound in the shape of a real coffee bean. When the false bean is well mixed with the gennine product only an expert can detect the difference.

NO DEMAND FOR ESSAYS.

Why Emerson Is Not Likely to Have a Successor-Story-Tellers in Demand. Atlanta Constitution.

A writer, who appears to be pretty well informed on literary topics, thinks there is an open field for the essayist in America. He says we have plenty of poets and novelists, but no noted essayist since Emerson laid down his pen and joined the

This is all true enough; we have none who can thunder like Emerson, though Oliver Wendell Homes is now giving us some delightful essays in conversational style, and James Rus-sell Lowell can be heard from if need be. But this is not the age of the essayist; Sir Roger de Coverley and De Quin-cey are little read, and unless one could tip his sentences with the fine humor of Lamb they would fall flat, and be most unprofit able. Indeed, it is doubtful if even Lamb could make a living by his essays now, un-less, perhaps, he could bring himself to take lessons of Bill Nye and turn the whole thing into a brawling farce.

The essayist vainly knocks at the literary doors of to-day; the lecturer who has not made the circuit of the world, for a wager, in sixty days, is greeted by slim audiences, and hardly makes enough to pay hall rent. Your sensational author is the fellow that gets there, and the brief, direct storyteller hads the public clamoring at his door and calling for "more" continually.

No essayist need apply: the public will not hear bim, however wisely he may preach and moralize. His day has been, and will be; but it is not now. He Knew It. The Epoch.

"What is the matter with mommer?" asked the Prince of Wales. "I fear her Majesty has the gripf" replied the royal physician. "I know she has," added Albert Edward, sadly; "the grip on the throne."